

CSBS NEWS

The Official Publication of the Cabot Striped Bass Society

CSBS Borrows Boat, Busts It.



Elmer furiously fishing off the Blachly float at Brightwater, near Phippsburg, ME. Bromley's attractive boat graces the end of the dock.

In an unprecedented event, CSBS members Ken Elmer and Caleb Pitkin actually trailered a borrowed motorboat to the New Meadows River in Maine, where they were able to spend an entire weekend motoring about and looking for fish. After two days of intensive searching and fruitless casting, the two experienced anglers determined that all fish of all species had left the river, probably having been somehow forewarned of the CSBS expedition.



Pitkin unfurls the CSBS colors before launching the Franny Voight in the New Meadows River.

Upon their return to Cabot, Pitkin and Elmer discovered that they had successfully busted all to hell the latch mechanism that holds the motor out of the water. When asked for his reaction to this news, the boat's owner, Mark Bromley, was unable to comment, having been temporarily incapacitated by one of his "Cletus Fits."



Elmer "mounts the bar" at the CSBS Sheep Island Annex (Cundy's Harbor, ME.)

Bromley Discovers Consonants, Syllables

En route to a cod massacre in Gloucester last week, limited CSBS member Mark Bromley made use of a lull in the conversation to sharpen his already keen knowledge of the English language. "Hey, Jon, you know about words. What's a consonant?" he queried. After a brief but accurate explanation by Vara and Pitkin, Bromley's thirst for knowledge was far from quenched. "I guess I didn't mean consonants. I mean those things that words have – like *houseboat* has two of them, and *excalibur* has four of them." Once enlightened to the concept of syllables and hyphenation, Bromley had another question which was clearly relevant to the expedition: "Hey Jon, what's a codpiece, anyway? Do we need one of those?"

Pitkin and Vara later helped Bromley unravel the mystery of diphthongs, and taught him to spell *diphtheria*.



Bromley grapples with the news that the vowel "y" has in the past been used to represent the "th" sound, as in *Ye Olde Carriage Shoppe*.

Bush League

We recently received the picture below along with a request for membership in the CSBS. Bushes Forty-one and Forty-three apparently caught this striper during their fishing expedition in New Orleans immediately following hurricane Katrina. Sorry boys. That fish ain't a keeper. Try again next year.



George and Junior make the best of the hurricane season in New Orleans

Bait Fishing Pain in the Ass

Though often talked-up as a relaxing way to spend a morning, or afternoon, evening, or night, bait fishing is not without its disadvantages. "This is gross!" is the common refrain of bait fisherman. CSBS MIGS (member in good standing) Ken Elmer sums it up best: "It would certainly seem like there must be a better way. This sucks."



Pitkin and Elmer flirt with near-certain injury as they bait their hooks with live eels.

Trip Log – August 2005

8/23/05 – Noon – Elmer & Pitkin depart Cabot with Bromley's attractive green boat. Boat is likely to be much more useful than Bromley himself. 12:22 PM – Marty's First Stop. 1:43 PM – 58 MPH uphill achieved east of Jefferson, NH. Heading confidently toward the Presidentials and onward toward Brightwater & our astounding success. 2:12 PM - Entered state of oblivion.
8/25/05 – returned home, no fish to be found.

Trip Log – November 2005

11/10/2005 – 6:00 PM - Directions on package of Scopalamine: "intensifies the effects of alcohol." Excitement shared. Palindromes so far:

area era
Sunapee, pan us
Lariat stair, Al
Title, El? TIT! (Pitkin)

8:05 – Vara insists that the following sentence cannot be written: "*There are three t(w)o(o)s in the English language.*" Pitkin argues that even if it could be written, it would be misleading, as there is a fourth Tue. in the English language, albeit an abbreviation.

9:07 PM – Near Manchester. Pitkin confirms that transderm Scopolamine patches DO enhance the effect of alcohol. Kewl.

Sport strops
Dr. O'Ford
Sex, Essex, Essexes!

11/11 – 5:30 AM – Coffee at Mobil station. Hopes high. Clear and chilly. Pop tarts for breakfast. Hope not to see them again later.

Par chowder, Red. Woh crap!!

12:30 PM – Vara hurls remains of pop tart breakfast into the Atlantic Ocean.

4:00 PM – Sweeping victory. Final tally: 3 haddock, 1 cod. Many sub-legal cod released, also dogfish. Total catch weighed 22 lbs. Seasickness battled to a standstill, tho according to the captain the day ranked a 9 on a seasickness scale of 1 to 10. We rule.

5:37 – Bromley commits egregious cell phone faux pas by calling his family and reporting on our activities. He alerted family to our expected arrival time, thereby foreclosing our option of partying until the wee hours. Bromley is justifiably and severely reprimanded by fellow members. Idiot!

Remit, Italian nail timer!
Tits ahoy! Yo, has tit. (Bromley)
Rise ye, sir.
Step pump, Muppets!
Pump 'm up (Pitkin)
Peer cod do creep
Prep a perp. (Bromley)

5:40 – Frickin' Bromley calls his family AGAIN!



One of two enormous Haddock caught by Pitkin early in the day. The lifelike quality of the photo belies the fact that this humongous fish is completely dead.

From the Archives

CSBS Brings Home The Bacon

September 1997 will long be remembered up and down the eastern seaboard for the most spectacularly successful expedition in the annals of the Cabot Striped Bass Society. Even now, society members are reeling (get it?) from the sheer magnitude of their fall harvest.

The three seasoned founding members of the society, Cap'n Jon Vara, Ken "striper swiper" Elmer, and Caleb "what are the odds?" Pitkin returned from Cape Cod last month with a bumper harvest of Bluefish, which indeed can be said to have shared the seas with their larger more elusive fellow fish, the Striped Bass. Pitkin and Elmer, who caught seven and five "killer blues" respectively, generously shared their catch with their less able former captain Vara, thus guaranteeing that none of their families would starve this winter.

Society members credit the success of their outing to the selfless contribution by Uncle Mike Kinney (or "Moyk," as he is known to some Vermonters) of an entire weekend in his boat.

Uncle Mike, a native of Falmouth, Mass., is the brother of Mary Ann Tormey, a Cabot Elementary School teacher known to her students as "the sticky-note queen."

Society acolyte Mark Bromley was unable to participate in last month's outing as a result of his work ethic and guilt complex. "I can't go," he is said to have remarked at one point. "I gotta blow the leaves off my lawn."

"Give me a fish and I'll eat for a day. Teach me to fish and I'll probably go hungry."

CSBS Has Another Successful Outing

Oct., 1998 - Once again, the Cabot Striped Bass Society has outdone itself as well as its many rival groups. In a smashingly successful foray to the Outer Cape, the three musty steers (who now number four), actually caught fish, and were also able to solve many of the world's problems to the complete satisfaction of the membership.



When the weather turned dour, Pitkin donned the honorable and ancient "cord du mer" which had been brought along by the ever-ready and omni-loquent Vara. Only hours after this picture was taken, Pitkin was to have his remarkable land-trust dream." Coincidence? We think not.



Seasoned anglers "Odds" Pitkin, "Verbal" Vara, and "Striper Swiper" Elmer at the zenith of their fishing prowess. Recent pledgling, "Wendy's" Bromley snapped the pic and served as chauffeur for the outing.